

One Line Flow Remix

Wiley

Yes, Eskiboy
You know me
Confident with the flow
And it's not a ting about ke-ke-ke, re-re-re-re and I coped this tune
Shut up, yeah?

You're not a top boy on campus
The way lady's going on's terrible
Pussy better know
I saw your girl around
While I was [?] that's my house
A [?] she left the last time
Rung her up, she said your house or my house
You know me, I'm a OG
All I do is roll around Wile house
Get angrily, yeah, okay then
Get all you want, I'll come to every street right now
On my own in a trap and spray them
I ain't her parents, I didn't name them
Plus I'm the best in the game, okay then
When I'm inflammable like propane and
If you like this game then watch where you aim
Because I aim for your brain, okay then

Don't like one line flows on the level
I just walk street, my advertising's done
He's never boy so pussy hole don't say "serious"
You're not "serious", Wiley's serious
Lee's not badadi-badadi
Badada-badada better than me
I'm like rising thunder
I'm a bad boy, I don't care about wonder
I'm like "what are you under?"

Starting about pride
Leng man down from the side of the ride
Like a chemical reaction
When I touch mic, you'll see my reaction
Guess who has sprayed a whole mac
Like I was a pump action
Know your self
This ain't fiction it's faction
Heard that one of your lengs had contraption
When Charlie hears, that's a wrap
Stop acting, Leo, can't tell me about me or
Must you want dead in a G-R-I-M-E or
Must be a doughnut, E-A-T them strippers like a whole nut
Willy's not a bowcat, snow cat
See more of me on road
I wasn't around the corner like you're being told
Not six, five, four, or three or
Who could ever come and try test a nigga like me or

Don't like one line flows on the level
I just walk street, my advertising's done
He's never boy so pussy hole don't say "serious"
You're not "serious", Wiley's serious

Lee's not badadi-badadi
Badada-badada better than me
I'm like rising thunder
I'm a bad boy, I don't care about wonder
I'm like "what are you under?"

Don't you want this Wiley?
Try swing your fist and you miss Wiley
The swing's [?] on this Wiley
Get punched up and kicked by this Wiley
You know me, it's DTI stylee
I'm the kid with the bassline that's glidy
Come to your ends, give your wifey a smiley
She's gonna link in [?] tidy
Are you gonna go on like you're wicked?
But when gunshots fly off, you run like chicken
He's a [?], friend dem dig it
I be like, first you see me and now you don't see me
But I'll see him chatting chains
Give me, give me, give me
Don't move once, I will draw for the thingie
I'm not silly Willy, I'm nine-milli Billy

Don't like one line flows on the level
I just walk street, my advertising's done
He's never boy so pussy hole don't say "serious"
You're not "serious", Wiley's serious
Lee's not badadi-badadi
Badada-badada better than me
I'm like rising thunder
I'm a bad boy, I don't care about wonder
I'm like "what are you under?"

My name's Wiley, Wiley, rated highly
Wiley, Wiley, [?]
I'm the one prince that you won't get by, Lee
Ask Scorcher, his ting's swagger than Charlie
Both of them are nothing to my three
Nice try, Lee, goodbye, Lee, Charlie so wisely
Black dresses, she slips straight into a nighty
He said "Oh Wiley, shut up"
At that point right there, you wanted to cry, Lee
Don't cry, Lee
Because me and Dimples laugh in the ends
You was hung out to dry, Lee
It's alright, I can help and beyond
Because you and your brothers are all pricks
Just ask yourself
Wiley

Wiley
Out here, there's no blighs, Lee
I'm the Lord of the Mic, lord of the beats, lord of the stage
And lord of the flies, Lee
When you talk rough, understand I swing with pumped guys
No lie, Lee
I got a temper too
But I don't really use it if the opponent's tiny
Eskiboy